insane ... local ornament and impressiveness" (7). The report reflects the growing consensus that "great buildings of prison-like structures, even of stately grandeur" merely facilitate "the herding together in large numbers of those afflicted with insanity" (7). Such "construction" is enormously expensive and wasteful, since in the finished building shelter alone will cost $2,500 per patient. To accommodate a citizen in an average family dwelling costs only $400 per year.

Most of the fairly typical report for 1892 consists of excerpts from earlier reports. Perhaps Clark is becoming lazy, or perhaps he is simply too busy to bother. It is slightly unsettling to find last year's achievement listed under this year's, and in last year's words. Thus, in the report for 1890 he celebrates how, "since that time [ie., the murder of Hector McDonald in 1889 in an over-crowded refractory ward] all the dormitory doors have been left open at night" (40); three years later, he celebrates how the same wonderful doors, "for nearly three years ... have been left open at night" (6). Nothing else had been done to relieve the terrible over-crowding of the chronic patients.

In an era marked by change and improvement in the mental sciences no less than everywhere else, the Asylum is considerably less modern and "improved" than he would like. His rather cynical vision of it seems consistent with the way he sees mental health, as a painfully accumulated sum of differences between an innate improving force and a dead weight of hereditary taint and weakness. The Asylum itself seems not unlike one of the over- strained machines of Clark's analogizing. A "screaming locomotive" was his favourite vehicle for the dangerous forces mankind had to control to "progress." He would have derived it from his experience of the same as they disturbed the Asylum night[lxxvi] and dramatized by their alarming proximity the loss of at least one thing "asylum" meant.[lxxvii] Without proper regulation the train would go off the track or simply break down. Something like the latter fate seems to befall mental health care at the Toronto Asylum.[lxxviii]